

BILL NYE ON TIME

He Writes Learnedly on the Mystery of Watches.

HIS MEMORIAL PURCHASES

and Testimonial Experiences—He also Suffers a Night of Horror Over a Scene with a Tail to It.

THOMASTON, Conn., February.—This is where the both Thomas clocks are made. It is a city of 4,000 people, most of whom



WHERE DID YOU GET THIS WATCH?

are engaged in making the above clocks and the Seth Thomas watches. They are an industrious, painstaking people, one of whom remarked as he came out of the theater after our unrivaled aggregation had just closed, "That is a—of a show!" This shows that the people of Thomaston are not only keenly discriminating in a literary and dramatic way, but have a terse and virile command of language which indicates the eager and untiring student of proficiency.

I bought a new watch just before going to Thomaston, and so I was interested in the works of the watch generally. I bought my watch in New York, but left it to be engraved. I had an inscription put on it stating that it was from admirers of mine who desired thereby to express their generous appreciation of what I had done for my race. (N. B.—It is a stop watch.)

I buy all my testimonials now. They are cheaper, because I know where to get them at 40 off and avoid having cake and ice cream trodden of men into the carpet. I am getting together my tin wedding presents this winter, and you would be surprised to see how low I am getting them. Testimonials really come higher than anything else unless you buy them yourself.

I once received a lovely gold headed cane from a man who loved me as a brother. I am now engaged in paying a joint note for him, and there is veridigri on the cane.

We should learn from this to say, "No, thank you; I have one," when people approach us with gifts. Gifts should be exchanged only between old friends, say 70 to 170 years of age, or members of one's family.

When I got my watch from the dealer I did not know how to set it. I had never set a watch of that kind before. It was a Waltham watch with a Crescent street movement; nickel, with fifteen ruby jewels in gold settings; ball bearings, compensation balance to side couple, adjusted to temperature, isochronism and position, patent regulator, mud valve, with platinum dewdicker for the whing whang to rest on, Breguet hair medicated hairspring, fine glass enamel and double sunk dial, with open Dr. Talmage face and dimpled hands.

It was a good watch, with a snap to it that will wake up a lecture audience like the shrill cry of fire in a hotel where foxy old gentlemen do not register. But I could not set it, and I hated to wait till the planets got around to the time it indicated when I got it.

My former watch—the one I owned before I received this testimonial—was set by throwing it out of gear and then prying the hands into position by means of a hose coupler. So I took the new watch to a large jeweler on Broadway. He immersed his eye in a long rubber thing and looked a long time at the price mark, which was still on the watch. Then he looked up at me with this keen, searching rubber thing and through his clinched teeth he hissed:

"Where did you get this watch?"

Some men would have had presence of mind and told him it was none of his one thing or another business, but I did not. When Providence was making presence of mind my name was not called out. So I said I got it of Mr. So-and-so.

"Well, you will have to get another in a few weeks. Here's the watch you ought to have if you don't want to look like a Jay."

Then I took my poor little timepiece from his hand and stole out to another place, a larger place, and hung around there timidly till I noticed the diamond detective pointing me out to the sapphire detective.

I now decided to ask the owner about my watch. He looked quickly at a printed list of valuable watches that have been recently stolen in New York city and then he compared the numbers with mine.

"Where did you get this watch?" he said coldly, shaking it as if to make it go. Instead of saying that I received it from friends as a testimonial, I forgot and told him where I got it, for I feared he thought I had got it dishonestly.

"Well, you had better take it back there and get them to give you a few lessons in how to run a watch. This is no kindergarten here, especially for owners of that class of watch. Here's the watch you want if you don't want to depend on the 13 o'clock whistle every day."

Just as he was reading the inscription I watched my watch away from him and went out.

"I will go up to Mr. Tiffany's place," I said. "He knows me. I buy all my jewelry there. He will not insult me."

"Mr. Tiffany," I said, as I went in and handed him my watch umbrella while I unbuttoned my coat and got out my watch, "do you mind looking at a watch that I did not buy of you? I will be honest with you. It was one that I bought with the money that my wife earned teaching school this winter, and

I have had an inscription put on it stating that it is from admiring friends, but as a matter of fact I have no admiring friends. Most of them are onto me.

"Will you, as a friend, do me the honor to look into my poor little timepiece and tell me what to do to it?"

He took up his little screwdriver as a society lady picks up an oyster fork when she has a solitaire on her little finger that she wants to exhibit to the throng, then he adjusted the do-good to his eye, which gave him a choked look on one side, and said, as he filled his lap full of cogwheels:

"Why, there's nothing the matter with this watch. When you want to set it you just pull the stem out an eighth of an inch and turn the hands, that's all. Twenty minutes to 10 now; there you are. Good watch; splendid watch. No charge. Not at all, you're quite welcome. Come again after your season is over and buy out our diamond counter."

Everybody who goes to Mr. Tiffany gets good treatment. He is above hopping on a watch that he did not sell. It is so with great men in every line.

Seth says—meaning Mr. Thomas, of course—that in winding a watch one should hold it in one hand and wind it with the other. This will strike home to thousands of careless people who have been for years holding the watch in the teeth and winding it by means of the toes.

"If the watch runs too fast, turn the regulator toward S, which means slow; if too slow, turn toward F, which means fast." It is better, however, if you do not know how to read, to take it to the watchmaker, who will move the regulator at \$2 per move.

Never drive fence posts or kill insects with the watch. It injures it. Never expose the works while in a state of intoxication.

Have a regular time for winding the watch and do not go over that time. Do not wind the watch during the sermon at church if it be a Waterbury watch, for you might lose the nub of the sermon.

Seth says you should have your watch cleaned once a year. I am sorry if my watches require cleaning once a year.

It is not a good plan, he says, to put the watch under the pillow. Possibly it should be put out of the window on a clothesline. "If worn in the vest," Seth says, "you can hang up the garment at night." So also you can hang up the watch too. I have done that.

Should your watch stop, do not shake it violently or pry the wheels with a car starter, but take it to a watchmaker, who will look into it and tell you to leave it with him a year or two.

The watch has in the past centuries grown from the clepsydra, or water clock, up to its present perfection. Look at your watch and see what a luxury you have.

A good watch contains at least 150 pieces outside of the chain. Some of the small screws look like steel filings, and yet they are complete in thread, head and slit. The slit on the head is two-one-thousandths of an inch in length. It takes 308,000 of these screws to weigh a pound. A pound of them is worth \$1,500. I state this so that those who may wish to order a few pounds of these screws for household purposes will know what they are worth.

The hairspring is twenty-seven thousandths of an inch thick, and the process of tempering these delicate little things is only known by a few very eminent people.

A ton of gold is worth \$202,799.21. A ton of steel made up into hairsprings is worth \$7,567,000, so you see that a man who will invent a restorative that will grow hairsprings—but let us pass on.

It is estimated that a balance wheel makes about 195,850,000 revolutions per year, but that is neither here nor there.

The pivot on which the balance wheel works is twice the size of a human hair—so I am told. The bearings are delicate jewels, made of ruby or sapphire, and are worth \$44,800 per pound.

Some time ago I went to a big music box establishment on Broadway, New York, to get some music box oil, because the Swiss gentleman who made my instrument—the only one I play—said that it should have, once a year, a drop of music box oil on each bearing.

The music box store on Broadway was very sorry, but I did not buy my music box there—I bought it in Chicago—so it would be eternally thrown into bankruptcy before it would sell me any music box oil.

It is sad to be sat down on that way by a music box house. It took me two days to get haughty again. Then a friend said that all I wanted was watch oil. It was the same thing. So I went to a big dealer where I had bought a watch case for my wife and I got a little phial of watch oil—no charge. But say, fellow citizens, did you ever put a little watch oil on your handkerchief by mistake and then go to church and get put out?

Watch oil comes from the jaw of the porpoise. It is prepared by a special process, and men who are deaf do the work so that they cannot hear it think.

You do not need much of it. A quart will lubricate 25,809,000 journals. Think of that, and then remember how much fat it will take to lubricate the journals of New York city alone next fall.

But I have drifted into statistics and incidentally into politics.

Some sad stories indeed might be told of the ravages of the grip in New York if we could know them all and tell them to the world.

One evening I had rooms—it was really a room—one of those portable

rooms which is attached to a suite and used then as a cloakroom, but let separately sometimes to jayish travelers and furnished with a flexible trundle bed—but I refer to it as a room because I do not care very much how I live if I can make the public believe that I live in the lap of luxury till it causes adverse criticism.

I could hear the conversation in the next room. In fact, I could not avoid it. I cannot wear cotton in my ears all the time, as high as cotton is now, and so I was obliged to hear the pathetic words that came to me over the transom and through the walls.

There was a little, dry, hard cough and a slight pain after it; then a woman's broken voice:

"Her cough is tighter tonight, Charlie. It is dryer and her temperature is greater, dear. Oh, what shall we do? What shall we do—poor darling?"

Somewhat I thought of my own home and wondered if the little folks there were well tonight, so many cold, weary miles away in the old north state.

Then the man's voice said in deep, rich tones:

"I think it is the crisis with her, dear." Then the little cough once more and a patient little moan that died away in a sigh. "If she can get through the night we may hope for an improvement tomorrow, Clara. See, she is going to sleep now."

Then there was a long hush, but afterward came the cough—that cough that hurts a parent's heart worse than it could the child, it seems. Then a little whimper of pain and then the voice of the almost sobbing woman:

"What would we do without her, Charlie? What would we do without her? She is all we have. I could not go home again without her and leave her here. What would we do, Charlie? What would we do?"

I began to feel uncomfortable. I could not bear to hear this sort of talk. I cannot stand such things. I smoked a large cigarette of the palest tobacco I could get hold of and walked the floor. It was terrible. I could not read. I could not write. When the dry, quick cough, and the sigh, and the woman's sob came I got so I started and turned pale, and if it had not been too late at night I would have left the room altogether.

"You must give her the medicine now. It is 11 o'clock, and she had it before at 10. Be brave, dear heart. Have courage. Others have passed through even deeper sorrow, Clara," came the deep, earnest, comforting voice of the husband. "Life and death are not in our hands. We can only do our best and be ready for the worst."

I could not endure this. I am of too sympathetic a nature. I rang the bell, intending to order my room changed, but got ashamed of myself before the boy came and told him to have me called at 7:30 in the morning, and he went away with a bright new shilling which I had once owned.

"She is awake now, Charlie, and she knows me. See! Yes, indeed she does. She recognizes our voices, Charlie. But she is weaker; oh, so much weaker! She can hardly turn over or lift her head any more. Oh, my poor, poor darling! What can I do for you? What can I do?"

Then I could hear her mingled sobs and kisses. The husband paced the floor.

I could not bear this any more. I arose and dressed. It was no sorrow that I could relieve. I might as well go away from it. I folded and put away the rich nightgown in my bag and dressed myself automatically. Then I went down stairs with my luggage, the little hollow cough still ringing in my ears. I said at the office that I would pay my bill and go. I could not bear the grief even of those whose faces I had never seen. It might be foolish, but I could not help it.

"Do not go, Mr. Nye," the night clerk said. "We will give you \$2, on the parlor floor. It is a much better room, with steam heat in it. Here, Front! Show Mr. Nye to 22 and tell 89 that they will have to leave in the morning. You are the third man they have driven out with their wild grief and their croupy dog!"

If we only knew more sometimes we would grieve less.

Bill Nye

"Looking Into It."



His Credentials.

It doesn't make any difference which United States senator it was, so long as the story told of him cannot be fixed upon anybody he can get his hands on. Suffice it to say it was a United States senator, and he had come to Washington to be inducted into his high office. He was out in a committee room with two or three senators during the preliminaries.

"By the way," inquired one, "have you got your credentials?"

"You bet I have," he replied on the spot, yanking a big wallet out of his pocket and slapping it down on the table.

It was a clean give away, but they never told anybody except in executive session, and that is how it leaked out—Detroit Free Press.

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.



Sleepy.

If a man is drowsy in the day time after a good night's sleep, there's indigestion and stomach disorder.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

By removing the waste matter which is clogging the system, will cure all Biliousness, Nervous disorders, and will quickly relieve Headaches.

THE BATTLE RAGES

THE ENEMY PUT TO FLIGHT!

WE SHOW NO QUARTER. VICTORY IS OURS, BUT IT IS A WAR OF EXTERMINATION.

We have met the enemy and although they had anticipated our attack, our continued cannonade of LOW PRICES and incessant fire of SUPERIOR GOODS soon put them to flight foot and saddle, and now with the exception of now and then a stray shot from the enemy in the ambush which falls far short of our lines, we are monarchs of all we survey.

A SPY IN CAMP.

The enemy has succeeded in sending several spies inside our lines, obtaining our plans and specifications, together with valuable information as to our defenses and mode of warfare, but their report of our impregnable fortress, HIGH GRADE GOODS, LOW PRICES and EASY PAYMENTS to their superiors, immediately brought about an UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER, and we offer to all who ally to our standard

Never Offered You Before. BARGAINS Never Will Be Offered You Again

HUNDREDS have rallied to our standard during the past week. We have granted them all furloughs and sent them home loaded with presents for the dear ones to return again when they desire bargains they can so are now to exist.

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LACE CURTAINS, per pair - 75c	All Chenille Draperies, fringe and dado both ends, per pair - \$4.00
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Bedroom Suits, antique or XVI Century finish, German plate - 10.50	LAMPS, decorated shade and bowl brass stand, - 1.00

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A LAUNDRY SOAP, PURE AND SANITARY.

BEST FOR General Household Use.

JAPANESE PILE CURE

A guaranteed Cure for Piles, whether kind or degree—External, Internal, Hemorrhoids, itching, burning, bleeding, or if red, swollen, or if it falls. Five boxes for \$1.00 sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price. A written guarantee positively given to each purchaser of a box, when packed at one time, to refund the \$1.00 paid if not cured. Guaranteed insured by Peck Bros. Druggists Agents, Grand Rapids, Michigan.

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By removing the waste matter which is clogging the system, will cure all Biliousness, Nervous disorders, and will quickly relieve Headaches.

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They add grace of carriage, do not cut under the arms, prevent contraction of the chest, prevent lung disease, tend to consumption, and are by far the best. In ordering by mail, give height and bust measure. Reasonable price, ladies' \$2.00, gents \$1.50, boys \$1.00, and a perfect fit will be mailed to any address in the United States. For sale only at

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